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man who played so great a part in two such revolutions is worthy of a detailed biography.

If one essays the task of criticizing Mr. Reid one must add that his work is only moderately well done. He lacks conciseness and sometimes lucidity; his matter is not always well arranged, not always pertinent, not always quite accurate. He makes too great a hero of Durham and resents too obviously any unfavorable criticism by his contemporaries. Mr. Reid himself naïvely admits that Durham "was not infallible" (II. 313). But because Greville tells some stories about Durham not free from malice, Mr. Reid calls him an "idle eaves-dropper" (II. 371). Others besides Greville tell similar stories. Creevey, for instance, is piquant on Durham, and calls him "King Jog" because, having £80,000 a year, he said with assumed moderation that £40,000 was a moderate income which one "might jog on with". In spite of Mr. Reid, Durham was something less than sublime. Together with his generous and honest zeal for good government we find a love of display, an arrogant hauteur, and an impatience of contradiction at times so extravagant as to make his sanity seem doubtful. None the less was he a noble character. One story of Mr. Reid's would make all generous spirits love Durham in spite of his faults:

He was dining one night at Lambton Castle with the Countess, and the only other persons in the room were the servants. He spoke unguardedly across the table to his wife, and swept aside her remarks with brusqueness. When the men withdrew she, the gentlest of women, remonstrated. Instantly, Durham, who had not realised the force of his words until that moment, sprang to his feet, rang the bell, and—fearful that his words had already been reported—ordered the whole of the household into the room. He told the astonished servants that he had been momentarily betrayed into hard and unjust words, declared that he was sorry for the fact, and assured them there was one thing they must remember, which was that, if he ever contradicted the Countess again, he had put himself into the wrong, and she was always right. Then, turning to his wife, he apologised to her in their presence and dismissed them. (II. 373.)

Such was Durham, irritable and impulsive, but above all, honest, courageous, and never sparing himself to carry out that to which his sense of duty called him.

GEORGE M. WRONG.

Letters and Journals of Samuel Gridley Howe. Edited by his daughter LAURA E. RICHARDS. Volume I. *The Greek Revolution.* With Notes and a Preface by F. B. SANBORN. (Boston: Dana Estes and Company; London: John Lane. 1906. Pp. xix, 419.)

IN this volume we have the first installment of the definitive life of Dr. Howe. The editor has done her work well—so well that one could wish more from her own hand. The story of her father's early life she

dismisses all too briefly to take up the Greek letters and journals which, pieced out here and there from Howe's *Sketch of the Greek Revolution*, yield a work almost purely autobiographical. The journals are the chief sources; and there are four of them, running severally from April to December, 1825; November, 1826, to February 16, 1827; July 5 to November 13, 1827; and November 12, 1828, to June, 1829. This leaves three serious gaps: December, 1825, to November, 1826 (Missolonghi); February to July, 1827 (Fall of Athens); and June, 1829, to June, 1830, when he left Greece a free country.

Their cause was at a low ebb when Howe joined the Greeks in the winter of 1824-1825; and his pictures of guerrilla warfare in the Morea, where he first saw service, are extremely realistic. Without discipline or commissariat, in a country exhausted by four years of war, the Greek *guerrillero* lived a hard life which the young surgeon cheerfully shared. Subsisting often on sorrel and snails or on roasted wasps and rarely knowing the luxury of such lodgings as he at times enjoyed in the ancient galleries of Tiryns, he proved as hardy as the best; and if worst come to worst, he even contemplates forming a band of a dozen rough-riding Philhellenes to harass the Turk. But his best service was not in dealing but in binding up wounds. Near Kalamata we presently find him in charge of a rude field-hospital with eighteen wounded men; and next at Grabousi—a fortified rock-islet on the northeast coast of Crete—as surgeon of the unlucky Cretan expedition he is dressing more wounds and performing more operations than might have fallen to his lot in a lifetime at home. From this service he returns to become surgeon to the hospital at Nauplia.

The second journal opens with his "commission from government as Director of the Medical Department in the Fleet"—with the high-sounding title of *archicheirourgos*—all this at twenty-five! Assigned to the *Karteria*, he was brought into close relations with that brave and disinterested Philhellene, Captain Hastings; but his vivid journal of the siege of Athens breaks off abruptly some four months before the capitulation of the Acropolis. This took place on the fifth of June (see Finlay, VI. 222), not May 5, as Mrs. Richards dates it, evidently mistaking Howe's own date in the *Historical Sketch* (p. 425).

On the fall of Athens Howe is induced by the Greek authorities to undertake a mission to America, only postponed while he assists in the distribution of relief then beginning to pour in from this country. In this service he found his permanent vocation to philanthropy; and the third journal, recording his ministrations to the suffering and starving peasantry of Peloponnesus and the islands, could hardly be surpassed in human interest by any chapter in Greek history. The historian's estimate of that service may be read in Finlay (VI. 437). Meantime, the glory of Navarino (October 20, 1827) had blotted out the shame of Athens; and Howe returned home to take up his "first crusade". In five

months he wrote and published his *Sketch of the Greek Revolution*, an offhand work whose vivid autopsy and keen judgments of men and measures give it permanent value; and then went to the people with his cause. "His words kindled like a torch, and wherever his voice was heard, wherever the flash of his presence was seen, people's hearts sprang up in answer." With \$60,000 thus raised he went back to Greece in November, 1828, and began to administer relief on new principles. He would "give it all to the poor, and yet have it remain to be given over and over again". Doing the thing next his hand, he sets the poor Athenian refugees—250 men and 500 women—at work building a mole in the harbor of Aegina; and for four months over 700 beggars were turned into joyful laborers on a public work of real and lasting utility. It was an object-lesson which Greece sadly needed as she needs the like to-day; but Howe looked farther. He asked and obtained a large land grant near Corinth on which he proposed to colonize these homeless exiles and set them in the way of living from the soil. This colony he actually established, and on his return to Greece in 1844 he found a joyful welcome from his protégés; but owing to a long and virulent siege of swamp-fever which interrupted his journal here we have no adequate account of it. Here ends the Greek story, though the editor has added to the volume the record of her father's adventures in the Polish cause and his consequent imprisonment in Berlin.

These journals have waited eighty years to see the light, though full of facts and judgments of high historical value. There was hardly a keener eye on Greek affairs than Howe's; hardly a man of any age who saw so much and interpreted it so well. His incisive judgments of men have in the main stood the test of time. Capodistrias and Kolokotrones, Mavrokordatos and Miaules, Cochrane and Church, Hamilton and Hastings, stand in history much as he painted them for good or ill. Nor had any man a clearer insight into the strength and weakness of the Greek cause and character. His judgments of the Greek people are at times indeed too stern; for he was every inch a disciplinarian, and discipline there was none in a people scattered and peeled by twenty-two centuries of subjection. But he always corrects these harsh judgments; and his lifelong devotion to their cause is his real tribute to their character.

Apart from the historical value of this volume, it takes rank with the very best Greek travels of that day. No better pictures of humble Greek life have ever been drawn than Howe gives us—notably in his rainy days with Father Peter; and his journals at Naxos and Paros are as good as anything we have about those islands.

J. IRVING MANATT.